

THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

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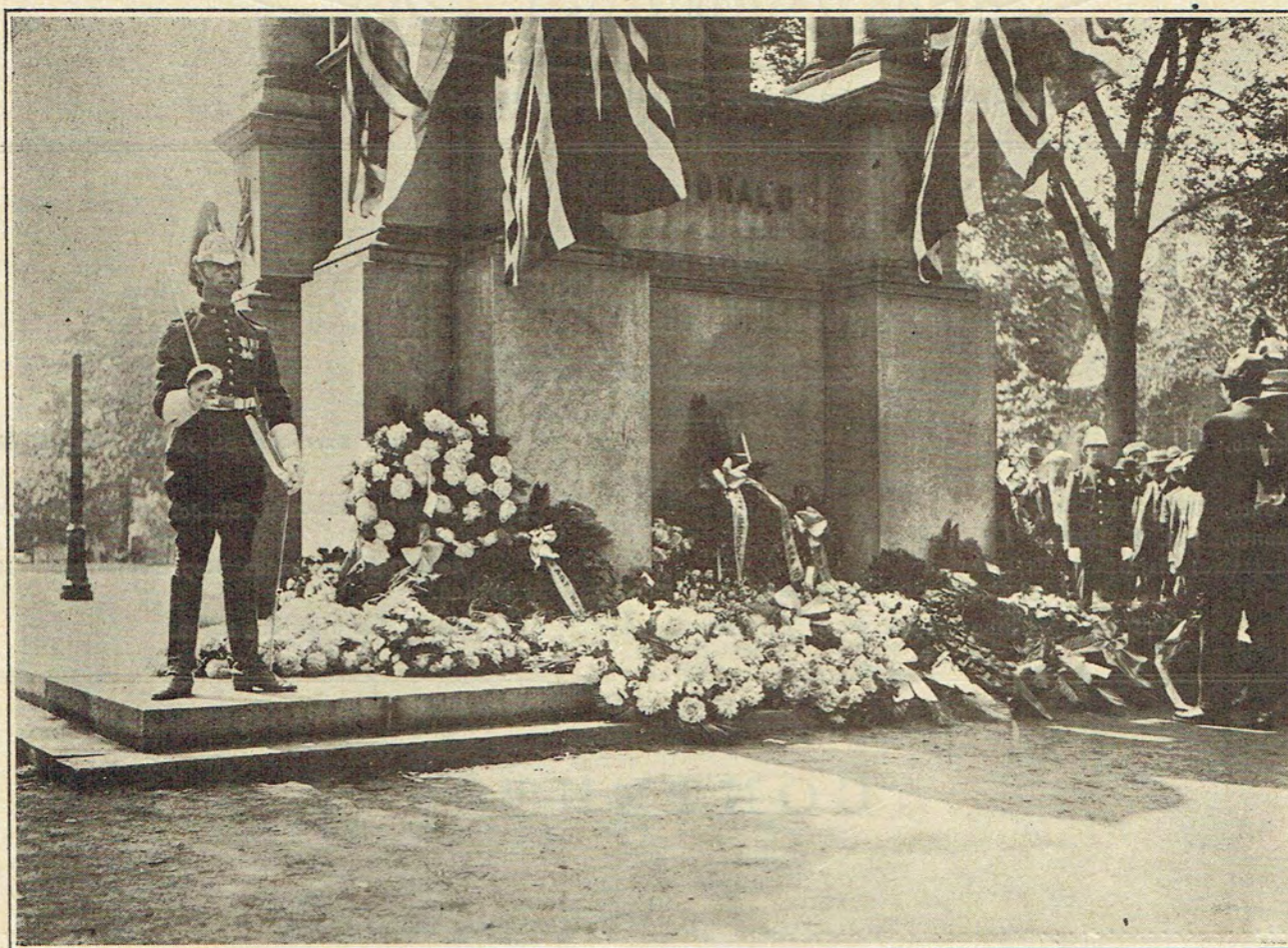
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Diary 1379-53



R.C.D. Guard of Honour at Macdonald Monument, Dominion Square, Montreal, on Confederation Day,
July 1st 1927.

VALEDICTORY

On relinquishing the command of the Royal Canadian Dragoons I desire to express my keen appreciation of the loyalty and devotion to duty displayed by all ranks during my association with the Regiment, not only towards myself but in the interests of efficiency and the good of the service generally. The good feeling and the Esprit de Corps which has been manifested and has animated all ranks, at all times, has been a matter of great pride and satisfaction to exist and will, in a like measure that I must leave you all and may I venture to suggest that these same qualities will always continue to exist, and will, in a like measure be accorded to my successor in the command.

Personal & Regimental Toronto

Major and Mrs. D. B. Bowie have moved up from St. Johns, and have occupied the Commanding Officers Quarters at Stanley Barracks. Major Bowie is now in camp at Niagara on the Lake, and Mrs. Bowie is a guest at the Oban House, in the town. All ranks of Regimental Headquarters and "B" Sqn. welcome them to Toronto and vicinity, and trust that they will thoroughly enjoy life in their new surroundings.

Major and Mrs. H. Stethem have vacated their quarters at Stanley Barracks, and have taken up residence at 160 Jamieson Ave., Toronto.

Mrs. W. Rhoades and the Misses Rhoades, Mrs. Wm. Baty, Miss Joan Baty, and Mrs. H. J. Beard are camping for the summer in the compound of Fort George at Niagara on the Lake.

We understand that Lt. Col. A. H. H. Powell, R.C.D., A.A. & Q.M.G. Military District No. 6, Halifax has been appointed to command the District vice the new Chief of Staff Major Gen. H. C. Thacker, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. And also that Lt. Col. H. C. Sparling D.S.O., R.C.D. D.A.A. & Q.M.G. Military District No. 7, St. John N.B., is to be transferred to Halifax as General Staff Officer. We extend our congratulations to both these officers.

No. 845 L/Cpl W. Godsmark who a short time ago took his discharge from "A" Sqn. at St. Johns

P.Q., has re-enlisted as a Trooper with "B" Sqn. at Niagara on the Lake

Our congratulations to Capt. H. B. Poston the R.C.R. who was married in Halifax on June 27th his bride being a daughter of Lt.-Col. A. H. H. Powell, R.C.D. District Officer Commanding M.D. No. 6 Halifax.

Our ex-Commanding Officer Brig.-Gen. C. M. Nelles, C.M.G., is a frequent visitor to the regiment at Niagara on the Lake.

Cpl. Taylor has been transferred from "B" Sqn. to "A" Sqn. where he assumed the duties of Officer's Mess Steward vice Sgt. Barraclough who has been transferred to H.Q., M.D. No. 4 Montreal.

There is very little to report from Niagara on the Lake, the weather has been exceptionally nice for camping, very little rain and not too hot. Large qualifying courses and courses in Proficiency in Riding are in progress at the Camp Schools of Cavalry and Infantry, parties are marching to the ranges daily to fire our annual weapon training course, and these together with remount training, tend to make our days fairly long and strenuous. In the evenings soft ball games are usually in progress, and the troops are training for Mounted and Dismounted Sports which are to be held on the 23rd July in conjunction with the annual Picnic of The Old Comrades Association. The annual inspection of "B" Sqn. by the D.O.C. M.D. No. 2 will take place on the 29th and the Sqn. will move to Petawawa Camp for combined training with other units of the Permanent Force on the 31st.

Wardell—Daniels

On June 18 at St. Johns Garrison Church, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs. J. Daniels, became the bride of Q.M.S.I. Frank Wardell D.C.M., Royal Canadian Dragoons. Rev. J. Russell MacLean officiated. The Bridal party was met at the church door by the choir, singing 'The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden.' The bride who was given away by her father wore a charming gown of white satin with pearl and crystal ornaments. Her tulle veil, worn in cap effect, was caught with a bandeau of orange blossoms. She carried a shower of Ophelia roses and lily of the valley. The bride was attended by her sister Mrs. Harry Whillier in a bouffant frock of

pale yellow georgette with picture hat of black mohair with a large yellow rose and velvet ribbon and Mrs. Jack Travers in peach georgette wearing a leghorn hat with velvet ribbon and flower to match her frock. Their bouquets were of Sunset roses and mauve sweet peas tied with tulle bows. Both carried silver mesh bags, their gifts from the groom. Master Vern Whillier, nephew of the bride, in black velvet and white satin was ring bearer and carried the ring in the centre of a calla lily from which fell white satin streamers knotted with lily of the valley and fern. The groom was supported by Q.M.S. J. Travers, R.C.D. The groom's gift was a gold cigarette case. During the signing of the register, Mr. W. Handy sang "Because" with Mr. F. Stevens at the organ. After the ceremony a buffet luncheon was served at the home of the bride's parents. Later Mr. and Mrs. Wardell left for a honeymoon to Niagara Falls and other points. The bride travelled in a smart costume of navy blue and grey. Upon their return they will reside in Toronto.

S. S. M. Copeland spent July 12th in Toronto.

Following the Thursday evening performance of the Military Tournament all ranks of the R.C.D's. and R.C.R's. and the details of the R.C.H.A. from Kingston, the R.C.R's. from London and the R.C.A.F. from Camp Borden who were in Toronto for the Tournament were entertained at a dance given by the Toronto Scottish, held at the Pavlova Dancing Academy. Needless to say the evening was a most enjoyable one.

St. Johns

Capt. Stuart Bate arrived at Montreal on the morning of July 8th on his return from Europe. He had a long talk with Major Timmis over the telephone and we expect a visit from him before he returns to duty at Toronto. His health has greatly improved.

Much amusement was caused when Lieut. Misonne, of the Belgian Cavalry Team that visited Toronto and New York last fall,

ran cross Major Timmis' twin brother at the Olympia Horse Show in June. Misonne, at first, would not believe that they had not met before!

Lieut. Bizard (1925 French Team) was also at the Olympia that day and won the King George V Cup by half a point over Col. Malise Graham's "Broncho." But the night after, Col. Graham (10th Hussars) got his own back by winning the Connaught Cup after two ties with the Frenchman. The house went wild when "Broncho" won.

Before going to press we received a telephone message from Lennoxville, P.Q., to the effect that Tpr. Beaton, who was one of the R.C.D's. on duty there during Staff Course, was drowned on the afternoon of the 15th. We have no detailed account of the accident as yet. All ranks of the station were deeply shocked on receiving the news and our sympathy goes out to those he leaves behind.

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION Annual Picnic

By kind permission of Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., Commanding Royal Canadian Dragoons, the Annual Picnic of the R.C.D. Old Comrades Association, will be held at Niagara on the Lake, Ontario, on Saturday, July 23rd 1927.

Tickets may be obtained at the Canada Steamship Lines office, corner of Yonge and Wellington Streets, Toronto. The price of the tickets is \$1.00 return for adults, 50 cents for children under 12 years. These tickets will be good on all boats leaving Toronto for Niagara on the Lake. It is hoped that the majority of the Old Comrades will be able to come over on the boat leaving Toronto at 9.15 a.m.

Squadron Mounted Sports are being held the morning of Saturday, July 23rd and in the afternoon, commencing at 2.00 p.m.



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Dismounted sports, which will be open to all present and past members of the Regiment, including events for the Children, Ladies and Older Comrades.

Tea and light refreshments will be served on the sports ground, during the afternoon. Old comrades availing themselves of the picnic will make their own arrangements in regard to other meals.

It is hoped that you will be able to avail yourself of the opportunity to be present on this occasion, and in so doing help to make this Annual gathering a great success.

R.C.D. OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION.

AYRESCLIFFE CAMP

The Squadron sent the following instructors to Ayrescliffe Camp on June 23rd to assist the E.T.M.R's. in the annual training:—Capt. L. D. Hammond, Q.M.S., I Brown R.J. Sgt. T. Sheehy, Sgt. Britt.

The personnel and horses of the E.T.M.R's. under the command of Col. Wilcox, were of a very high standard and accomplished some creditable work. Q.M.S. Brown organized a bon-fire concert and a dance during the week's training. Each of these events drew a large attendance of members of the unit and their friends, and Q.M.S.I. Brown was heartily congratulated by the officers.

Two demonstration troops underwent a special training in order to fit them for the part they took in the July 1st Celebration in Magog. These troops acquitted themselves in a manner that was a credit to themselves and their instructors.

General King inspected the regiment on Saturday July 2nd and expressed his appreciation of the efforts made by Officers, N.C.O's. and men of the E.T.M.R. The R.C.D. instructors were very hospitably entertained during their stay in camp and wish to express their gratitude for the treatment they received at the hands of all ranks.

THE GOAT IN CIRCULATION

Whilst riding in the vicinity of St. Clair Ave. in Toronto last month the Toronto Editor received quite a thrill as he passed one of the large waggons employed by the city to collect rubbish, etc. On the top of a load of old newspapers lay several copies of the familiar orange cover of "The Goat."

Again in London, Ont., about

three weeks ago he entered a barber shop and sitting down to await his turn he noticed on the table, amongst the newspapers and magazines the last six numbers of "The Goat." It turned out that one of the barbers in the shop was none other than Joe Clements, who was with "B" Sqn. in France.

This is the best form of advertising for subscriptions that we can get. In fact the London incident was responsible for a local Militia Officer interviewing the Toronto Editor and asking to become a subscriber.

Let us all do our bit to help increase the circulation of our regimental publication.

Bytown Bits.

Cavalry Camp:—The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards have been doing their annual training at Connaught Ranges this month, having gone in for nine days on the 5th instant. The regiment under Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Blue was well up to strength and the horses were of a good type. The regiment was fortunate in having Captain L. D. Hammond and Q.M.S.I. Walsh of the R.C.D. attached as instructors. The camp was full of life all the time and the social events included a regimental dinner on the 7th, and the sports and At Home on the afternoon of the 9th. The latter event was well attended by friends from town.

Emma Gees Camp:—The C.M.G. C. under Captain W. Ross were in camp the same time as the P.L.D.G. They had 40 men training.

Small Arms School:—The first course of the Canadian Small Arms

School opened on the 4th at Connaught Ranges, Lieut.-Colonel W. K. Walker, D.S.O., M.C., who was in hospital recently is again on deck and in command. Major Keene Hemming and Captain Joe Trudeau were also in evidence. About 70 students are taking course.

Old Nick Also:—Captain Nichols and D Company R.C.R. are at Connaught Ranges under canvas.

The Jubilee:—The Jubilee celebration in Ottawa called for an unusual military display. On the 1st, the 38th had a guard of honor for Viscount Willingdon at a laying of the corner-stone of the new block and the Guards supplied the glory at the official opening ceremonies at high noon when Big Ben struck twelve from the tower and the carillon played. In the afternoon the garrison turned out for the show on the hill and besides the guard His Excellency had an escort from the P.L.D.G., under Major E. A. Devitt and Captain H. N. Bate. The escort was in full pre-war review order.

Lindy Trives:—Colonel C. A. Lindberg with an escort of 12 U.S. Army fliers arrived in Ottawa on the 2nd. Over 600 members of the garrison were on duty at the landing field as police. The welcome was sadly marred by an accident that resulted in the instant death of Lieut. Thad. Johnston who collided with another plane which as a result threw him out of his machine. He fell 150 feet and was killed instantly.

Garrison Funeral:—The funeral of the late Lieut. Thad Johnston U.S.A., who was killed on the 2nd

instant was held from Ottawa on the afternoon of the 3rd. The garrison turned out and lined the streets from the Prime Minister's office to the station where the remains were put on a special train for Mount Clemens, Mich. The gun carriage was supplied by the R.C.M.P. and high officials of the military and state were present. Colonel Lindberg and seven of the American fliers hovered over the route of the procession and as the train pulled out dropped flowers on it. The sad event cast a gloom over the proceedings of the week-end.

Lieut.-Col., Bowie:—I was glad to see Lieut.-Colonel Doug. Bowie, in town the other day and to be able to congratulate him on his promotion. The P.L.D.G. wish him all success in his new post.

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CONFEDERATION DAY

On July 1st, Confederation Day, Guards of Honour were furnished by the Royal Canadian Dragoons, St. Johns, P.Q., for the ceremony at the Macdonald Monument, Montreal, and for the unveiling of the I.O.D.E. Monument, St. Johns, P.Q. Sergeant Neeves was in charge of the former and Major Timmis, D.S.O., the latter.

We all heartily welcome Ex-Sgt. "Bill" Hargreaves and his "book" back to St. Johns and trust that he won't hit our other "Bill" too hard with the latter.

The month of June was a very busy one for the Instructional Staff at St. Johns, P.Q., Major Sawers, M.C., and Sergt. Campbell proceeded to Sussex N.B. and Charlottetown, P.E.I., Capt. Hammond, Q.M.S.I. Brown, Sgt. Sheehy and Sgt. Britt to Ayrescliffe, P.Q., Sgt. Langley to Richmond, P.Q., Sgt. Hopkinson, Cookshire, P.Q., and Lieut. Chadwick to Preston, Ont. The various militia units are reported to be taking a keen interest in their work, most of the reports being very creditable.

"HORSESENSE & SENSIBILITY."

The above named book was recently published in England written obviously by an ex-officer who signed himself "Craseredo."

The book was reviewed by Major R. S. Timmis D.S.O., R.C.D., in the last number of the Canadian Defence Quarterly, and a copy of the Quarterly was sent to the author by Major Timmis. Major Timmis has received the following letter in acknowledgement.

The Bath Club
34 Dover Street,
London, W.I.

"Dear Sir;

Thank you so much for thinking of sending me the copy of the Defence Quarterly in which you have reviewed my book. You have been extraordinarily kind to it and to me, and I am delighted to think that you really did like it.

It is of course very interesting to me to get the opinion of anybody on "Horsensense and Sensibility" but that of a cavalryman is particularly so. I daresay it's a good thing to go on making war (if any) an affair of chemists and engine drivers, but they will always—although we mustn't say so—require a horse soldier to lead them.

And if the horse soldiers' leadership and opinions are wanted in war it is also very pleasant to hear something of them in peace. Or it has been this time anyway! I wish I thought my real name might interest you but as I'm afraid it could not, I sign myself with many thanks to you,

"CRASEREDO"

THE NEW AIRSHIPS

The dimensions of the two 5,000-000 cubic feet airships now under construction at Cardington and Howden and the estimated weight, without load, of ship and machinery when completed are under discussion in relation to troop carrying. The diameter is 130 feet and length 730 feet. The Air Ministry is working to the same weight as that laid down for the sister ship which is being built by the Airship Guarantee Co., namely, a maximum of 90 tons. The actual lifting capacity of the airships cannot be ascertained until the airships have been built, but the estimated total lift is 150 tons.

TROOPS BY AIR

The weight of a battalion for air travel would be 120 tons, and this leaves 10 tons for supplies and crew, and as the former can be picked up twice on the way to India the lifting power of 130 tons just fits a battalion. Of course such a full weight will never be attempted at first and the highest estimate yet put forward is for 400 passengers and 40 tons of baggage. The estimated weights of 200 soldiers with their kits, ammunition and equipment, and the necessary crew and their baggage and the stores, fuel, food water and furniture for a voyage not exceeding six days are already decided. The weight of 200 men and kit is approximately 30 tons, and the crew approximately 4 tons. As regards fuel, the weight (would depend upon the distance to be covered, the speed to be maintained and other factors, but it may be stated that, in addition to the weights indicated above, sufficient fuel and stores could be carried, it is estimated, for a voyage of 3,000 to 4,000 miles.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Who was the "Chaunk," who considers himself a billiard player thought he had a fish the other night at The Legion?

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"TIME EX...."

We've trotted down to Maadi,
we've marched to Mena too,

They think we're hale and hardy,
the Ginks at G.H.Q.

We've blinded, cursed and sweated,
in sand and muck and flies.

Mosquito bites we've netted
from our croups up to our eyes.

We curse the office 'wallahs'
that creep to work at nine.

They rake in all the dollars
and get us all in line.

With saddles for our pillows,
we sleep beneath the stars,

If we protest they'll kill us;
we're poked behind the bars.

I've heard the sergeant holler
until me neck was red.

Been fed up to me collar
and this is what I've said—

I've said "Roll on that blinding
boat" until me throat was sore.

I've said roll on that civvie coat
enough to break me jaw.

I've chalked a chart up on the door

how many days to go,

The hours each day seemed forty-
four they've gone so blinking
slow.

But now the boat's in harbour
and me moaning's all come true,

Me hand shakes like our barber,
me tongue's like four be two.

I've got to leave the old mob,
me 'om for seven years,

'Magnoun 'Arry, old pal Bob,
who used to pinch me beer,

We've been through dirty weather
good times, yes an' hard,

The years we've been together
'ave passed by like a guard.

Well, give me love to the married
pads drop us a line—or try.

It breaks me heart to leave the lads
So long all.....good-bye

If wanted again will they shout us
in vain?

NO.....we'll chuck a chest

And when England expects ..the
old 'Time Ex'

Will soldier 'longside the rest.

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Business Is Business.

(By Major Gregory Clark in The Legionary.)

What we need," said Marrigat, "is a stick of dynamite about 20 feet long."

"Or," said Sir John Hawkins, "a derrick and one of these 'ere 'ooks."

"A keg of stumping powder," added Beaubien.

"Well, why not make a stick of dynamite twenty feet long?" asked Brown. "Take a piece of one-inch pipe, and fill her full of ammonal and a fuse to her—bingo."

Marrigat got up and said: "Come on. That's done already."

These four, Marrigat's gang, had been notified to stand by for a raid, an identification raid. The major had discovered Marrigat's gang in the midst of his company at Vimy, where these four inseparables, who marched abreast, bunked together, ate together, played together and shared all, had performed at least half a dozen miracles; outflanked a pair of machine guns, cut the main cable of the enemy telephone system, catapulted red ground flares an enormous distance so that the enemy guns, thinking this to be the new British line, shelled short and destroyed their own last line of defense; and that four volunteering as crew to a Stokes gun sergeant, induced him to fire air-bursts at a low flying aeroplane that was trying to solve the riddle of the ground flares. It was those air bursts, fuses but down to three seconds, that took the major over to the gun and to the discovery of Marrigat's gang in the innocent midst of his own command.

"Who the blazes" demanded the major, kneeling on the rim of the large shell hole where Stokes was uplifting its stove-pipe snout. "Whuff!" coughed the Stokes as Marrigat himself leaned smartly away from the gun. A whiskey-bottle shell leaped soaring into the sky; the German machine, hastening now roared over, and the short-fused shell, dangerously short burst with a grey smash to one side of the banking Hun.

Marrigat, watching, turned a happy face to the major.

"What's the idea?" said the major, in his party manner. "Are you aware that you are likely to get your bloody head blown off? Get back to your platoon. Are you the sergeant of this gun?"

"Yessir. I lost my crew. These men came and offered to run it, if I would show them."

Marrigat said:

"The Hun has went home."

All looked, and the machine was speeding away into the east.

"Well," said the major, "Marrigat, you stay here with these three and serve the gun until the sergeant gets his own relief for you. But don't tinker with fuses, you hear? Stokes guns are not Archies."

The major was slightly elated as he scuttered back to the trench where his company lay. "I've got to see those boys."

That was how Marrigat's gang was discovered. Vimy won Marrigat and Sir John Hawkins the military medal. A raid five weeks later placed the same decoration on tunics of Beaubien and Brown.

They were excused duty, in and out of the line. They were designated as raiders. The time they had on their hands was left to them to think up new ways of distressing the enemy.

"A little raid," said the Major "an identification raid. Brigade wants only one identification, still in good condition if possible, still able to speak. Now, let me know to-night what you would like to do. Take a look at the lay of the land. Have a talk with the scouts."

With the scout sergeant they made a tour of No Man's Land at dark, and found a place where the wire was only twenty feet across, good and thick, matted. And beyond the wire they heard a German with a bad cold.

Beaubien, when they got in said:

"Now, if he has got a bad cough, likely the whole platoon has got a bad cold, eh?"

"In effect, yes," said Sir John.

"That's where we go in, then," said Beaubien.

Here Marrigat said:

"What we need is a stick of dynamite twenty feet long."

So, with Brownie's suggestion of a pipe full of ammonal, the Mills bomb explosive and a very pretty one, the four went back to a ruined village to find a piece of pipe.

They had not long to look. In the best house in the village they found a length, and they carried it back to the support trench, where bomb stores were

With an enormous pull-through and emery paper, they wiped the rusty pipe clean, poured it full of explosive, bored a small hole in a lead plug for the fuse and plugged her tight.

With this strange weapon they crawled out, at nine o'clock, dark sliding it with them as they crawled. It took them an hour and a half to insert the awkward length of pipe under the matted, angled

barb wire. It met obstructions time after time, but at last they thrust it home—all the way.

Undoiling the fuse they with drew forty feet, and sent Brown back to tell the major to get ready for a bang.

Brown came back and whispered "O.K."

Sir John Hawkins, the derrick worker, accustomed to mines and quarries, fired the fuse with the major's cigaret butt that Brown had brought out from the trench reversed, in his mouth.

The instantaneous fuse hissed, and forty feet away a huge flame and roar leaped up. Marrigat and his gang lay with eyes tight shut, face to the ground. While the debris was still falling the four scrambled up, charged the spot of the explosion, and found as they had expected, a large lane torn in the belt of tangled barb wire.

Marrigat in front, pistol in hand, slid into the splendidly planked German trench. Brown behind him had a large iron nut slid on to the handle of his trenching tool. This made a little club called a whiffer. Sir John and Beaubien followed, carrying nose bags full of Mills bombs.

Their ears, dulled by the explosion could still make out the clatter of near-by machine guns in the night. Their job was immediately lighted by a cloud of German flares, shot aloft from right and left. In the vivid boarded trench, scattered full of dirt and torn wire, they stood waiting for an identification to show himself.

"Not more than twenty steps either way," shouted Marrigat. "Beaubien, this way." And he went left, making a grotesque shadow in the livid trench. Brown with his whiffer and Sir John on his heels, with bombing arm laid back, ready to throw beyond, went right.

"One, two, three, four," counted Brownie, and paused at a bend. Around the bend came a German bayonet, thick and broad, and gleaming in the light of the constant flares. Slowly it came. Brownie and Sir John pressed themselves against the side of the trench. The bayonet, with infinite caution, came around, followed by the muzzle of a rifle. Brownie, his whiffer in his left hand, suddenly seized the muzzle and gave a great heave. The rifle exploded down the trench and a large German, with a vast shout, fell on his face at their feet. At the same instant Sir John lobbed a bomb lightly over the bend, where it fell, amid a furious thudding of feet, and exploded. Brown with his fo

tipped the German's deep helmet forward and off, and cracked him neatly and lightly with the whiff-fer on the back of the head.

Lengthening each time. Sir John had rapidly thrown three more bombs, when, with a rush, Marrigat and Beaubien came from behind. Brown and these two took the German by the armpits and dragged him back to where the lane in the wire was. Sir John, his long arm flailing, began to lob his bombs in both directions.

Then Marrigat removed from his side pockets two bombs that looked like black tins of salmon. With a match he lit them and threw one to the left and one to the right. Dense clouds of white smoke rose up and spread before them. The lane screened against the green calcium glare of the flares, the party a leg and an arm apiece, hauled their identification up out of the trench, and through the lane.

The white smoke billowed and eddied around them, choking them. But they reached a deep hole and lay in it.

For fifteen minutes the flares leaped and lobbed, the machine guns raved, back and forward, from the Canadian trench not a sound. The German field guns that had opened up died away. In a moment of darkness, Marrigat's gang and the identification scrambled up and on. Flare! Down they dropped at the tell-tale pop. In three minutes the major and ten men found them, took their burden from them, and scuttled into the trench.

"Very neat," said the major. "Is he all right?"

"I just tapped him," said Brown.

"Just a little tap." He bent down and felt the German's head. "Yep! It's swelling. He's all right."

They poured cold water on the German's head and wrists, patted his wrists as if he had fainted, pilloled his head on Marrigat's lap.

He stirred, raised a hand to his brow.

They heaved him to his feet and led and pushed him, in dumb bewilderment, down towards the major's dugout. In the candle-lit chamber they sat down on a bench and the four stood smiling at him, while the major took the phone and told headquarters they had got a feldwebel for an identification. "Two seven seventh Bavarian," said he.

Rum was handed around. The German got his first. The four in turn, held their granite cup of rum up to him.

"Good luck," said Marrigat. "The war's over," toasted tall Sir John.

"Hoch der Kaiser," said Beaubien.

"Gesundheit!" greeted Brown, who had cracked him.

The four saluted the major; he helmetless, smiled upon them. Up into the chill night they went, back the trenches to the dugout and the soiled cribbage board.

The Autobiography of a Mule.

(From the 3rd K.O.H. Old Comrades Magazine)

My origin is somewhat obscure. Suffice it to say that my dam was a partworn donkey. I never liked her; it is because of her that I am—well just an accident.

In thus breaking the Fifth Commandment, I do but live up to my reputation of breaking most things. My early career was so dull that beyond saying that it chiefly consisted of eating tibben and making nasty noises, I will leave it out.

Nobody has ever said anything good of me; in fact I have hardly been noticed. Therefore I am faced with the somewhat unpleasant task of blowing my own trumpet. I can blow better than many trumpeters I have heard.

My colour is a pretty brown, that is to say, when I am groomed, but as I don't like being groomed I don't get groomed very often possibly about once a fortnight when the Transport Sergeant gets wind that there is going to be an inspection of animals. I have included myself among the animals although I have been called other things too. But mentioning this Sergeant fellow reminds me that I am part and parcel, mostly parcel, of a crack Cavalry regiment. Just prior to being posted, that is, sent by goods train in a moth-eaten cattle truck, I spent many happy days at a pretty little spot called, "Kantara." I used to watch the big ships going through the Suez Canal all day except when I was eating tibben. I don't really like tibben, but it's better than watching ships.

My ears are a little longer than their symmetry demands, but they show up well—at least, one of them does. The other is a little loose in the socket. Doozy King knows about this. My legs would not disgrace a thoroughbred if they were a little longer and not quite so thick in about seven places. Then I've a dream of a tail, a little like a lion's, only more so. But

for the fear of anthrax I feel sure the end would have been snipped off long ago for a shaving brush. I did hear that the Jemadar had designs on it for cleaning the drains.

My conformation is so good that on a dark night, and with my rug on I might be mistaken for a horse—not that I want to be—oh, dear no—horses are so stupid, and besides they don't get as much tibben as I do. My home address is No. 18 Stable, my country seat No. 8 Kral.

Recently I have taken to wintering near Helwan. Why it was considered necessary to add "wan" to the name I cannot imagine, unless it was to describe the appearance of the inhabitants. Certainly it is—"with the lid off." No candidly, I don't like the place. What with sandstorms, sand muzzles, girth-galls jackalls and the Air Force, life there is a damned nightmare. Permanent manure duty at Abbassia is a day dream in comparison.

I have not yet suffered the indignity of being ridden,—at least, not for long. This also applies to my half section, another pretty brown. We are usually paired for work, but owing to our dislike of being ridden we were separated for manoeuvres. Our new half

sections were ridden; we just pulled sometimes—cunning devils!

How I do dislike this manoeuvre business, especially the Helwan an El Saff part of it. Miles and miles of dusty roads, then miles back again, then miles back to where I first went. The human animal may perhaps see some reason for this—I can't.

At last my head was turned towards home and again I heard the joyful music of the troops marching to church—Lucky devils!

I hope now to settle down to a peaceful summer—pulling manure, Nile mud, berseem, etc., meanwhile employing my spare time eating saddle blankets horse rugs breast collars, berseem and, last but not least, tibben.

THE COCKROACH IN THE CUPBOARD

(An Inspection Tragedy)

You "tin-eyes" gather round me
Grim words I will unfold,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,

I'll make you blood run cold.
I deal in drama, stark and grey
—when our C.O. discovered
(It breaks my heart to say) a cock-
roach in the cupboard.

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'Twas in "C" Squadron Mess-
room,
One sad inspection morn,
To make it look the best room,
They'd slaved since dewy dawn,
And while they worked and suf-
fered—its heels must have
been rubbed.

For our C.O. discovered—a cock-
roach in the cupboard.

Our S.M. (George) dared not be-
lieve,
What his eyes had told him,
The quarter bloke he couldn't
breathe,
Someone had to hold him,
And as they stared in shocked
amaze—(The mess-room cor-
oral blubbered)

It looked at them with glassy gaze
—the cockroach in the cup-
board.

It prinked and preened, like any
maid,
And twirled its whiskers gaily,
It winked its eye—the saucy jade
We gazed upon it palely,
And tho' our grub was tainted—
it laughed and then it glub-
bered.

The C.O.'s Ord'ly fainted at—The
cockroach in the cupboard.

The mess-room cor-ral's eyes were
wild,
The table boy was weeping
To think the mess-room was de-
filed,
..Shame thro' their tears was
peeping,
And while the cockroach combed
its beard, their senses they re-
covered.

They'd show the C.O. if they fear-
ed—A cockroach in the cup-
board.

"Go, bring me quarts of paraffin,"
The quarter bloke he cried,
"A blowlamp and some formalin,
It's time that insect died,
And insects they will get as much
as the dog of Mother Hub-
bard,
As hot as Hell, I'll make it such,
for insects in the cupboard.

With paraffin and powder (Vim)
They made the mess-room reek,
With blowlamps the whole crowd
of 'em
Got that cockroach weak,
And so when evening fell, its corp-
se they slowly covered,
So now it's time to sound the
knell—of the cockroach in the
cupboard.

D.E.Y.

A Sunday paper has offered a prize for the best description of a husband's worst failing. Many an other wise blameless man is addicted to competitions in the Sunday papers.

Militia Notes.

The 1st Hussars, Commanded by Lt. Col. F. A. Taylor D.S.O. late of The Canadian Light Horse, attended Camp at Carling Heights, London Ont., the nature of their training being 16 day Camp School. A number of officers and N.C.O.'s took qualifying examinations, the results of which are not as yet announced. In spite of reports in the local press the regiment did exceptionally well in their mounted work, and on their sports day displayed some very creditable performances of horsemanship, including tent pegging, wrestling on horseback, V.C., races, etc. This was no doubt due to the large number of ex-cavalrymen in the unit who had seen service with the Canadian Light Horse, and with several Imperial Cavalry Regiments during the past war. Col. I. Leonard, D.S.O., late C.O. of the Canadian Light Horse, and now Commanding the 8th Cavalry Brigade, spent several days in camp and was a member of the Examining Board. Whilst visiting Col. Leonard's home in London Ont. The "Goat" reporter saw, what is probably one of the most interesting photographs of the late war, most certainly so from a cavalryman's point of view. As we all know the 1st Hussars formed one of the Squadrons of the Canadian Light Horse, and retained their identity by wearing their own badges etc. They furnished the Escort Troop for General Sir Arthur Currie, during the advance of the Canadian Corps to the Rhine. This photograph consists of the Escort Troop of the 1st Canadian Hussars taken outside of the riding school of the 1st Prussian Hussars at Bonne, Germany.

The 10th Brant Dragoons attend camp for 7 days unit training at a local camp situated about three and a half miles from Brantford with a strength of approximately 100 all ranks commanded by Lt. Col. J. M. Ferguson. The standard of horsemanship in the Brant Dragoons is remarkably good, most of the horses coming from the Indian Reserve and are accustomed to being ridden. Several of the officers own their own chargers. After four days training the regiment took part in the Jubilee Celebration at Brantford and presented a very smart appearance in the parade. In the afternoon they took part in the Military Display at the Fair Grounds, several mounted events including jumping, and a Musical Ride in review order. The re-

giment was inspected by Brig.-Gen. A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O., on the last day of the camp. They were visited by Col. T. L. Kennedy, Brigade Commander of the 1st Cavalry Brigade, Lt. Col. W. C. Brooks, 2nd Dragoons, and many others including several ex-members of the R.C.D.'s who reside in the vicinity of Brantford namely Brig. Gen. C. M. Nelles, C.M.G., who presented the regiment with a cup for proficiency; Capt. F. H. Wilkes, M.C., Lieut. C. F. Saunders, and ex-Sgt. Huff M.M., Tom Harbour, famous on the "C" Sqn. Mess Cart is a Sergeant with the regiment. The 10th Brants have a newly organized band, recruited by the Squadron from Paris, Ont., of which they are justly proud. The band looked very smart in their review order, and added considerably to the enjoyment of the camp, and to the success of the musical ride by their offerings. Capt. M. Drury and Sgt. Instr. J. M. Hallet R.C.D. attended the camp to assist in the instruction.

Concrete or Cavalry?

(From Toronto Telegram)

**Which Does the Most Good to
Toronto?**

**City Will Urge Retention Of
Barracks.**

T. L. Church, M.P., appeared before the Board of Control this afternoon and urged that Stanley Barracks and the R.C.D.'s be retained in Toronto. Their possible evacuation to some other city is a possibility through notice given by the C.N.E. directorate to the Department of Defence, that they must leave the Exhibition Grounds. There is also trouble over the new roadway to the Eastern entrance destroying present barracks buildings.

Mr. Church declared that the retention of the R.C.D.'s in Toronto is more important than a new entrance to the Exhibition Grounds. He thought it might be wise if the present C.N.E. Association be disbanded and a commission of three appointed to handle C.N.E. and Western Fair matters.

Mr. Church said the Minister of Militia had asked him to take the matter up, in view of his criticism of the Government's methods of handling military affairs in this district. For years there had been absence of proper accommodation for the troops. The R.C.D.'s, who

broken up, and the officers and men were made a football.

"The Old Fort should be preserved. The C.N.E. haven't entire control of this. It is the city, not the C.N.E. which is responsible.

Want Troops to Stay

Con. Wemp, seconded by Con. MacGregor, moved that representation be made to the Government that the R.C.D's. be retained in Toronto. He also asked that the war relics also be collected and placed with the barracks.

It was sharply evidenced at the Board of Control that there is not only lack of foresight on the part of the present C.N.E. administration but also a very great cleavage of opinion between the responsible elected representatives of the people—the Board of Control and council—and the irresponsible C.N.E. directorate. These two assertions are substantiated by the following facts:

Instead of negotiating direct with Department of Defence headquarters, the C.N.E. management took the word of a junior officer. Now they find the city faced with an additional expenditure up to \$25,000, which they did not expect when the by-law was placed before the public. That amount will go into next year's tax rate.

The Board of Control are anxious to maintain the Royal Canadian Dragoons in Stanley Barracks and to prevent their removal to Hamilton or some other city.

The Canadian National Exhibition directorate have asked that Stanley Barracks be vacated and the troops taken elsewhere. They will give no definite time of extension.

The Eastern entrance is going to cost \$600,000 instead of \$400,000 and its disturbance of existing buildings at Stanley Barracks is so great as to drive the Dragoons out of the city.

Entrance as Drawing Card

Attitude of the Canadian National Exhibition Association administration is absolutely the reverse of that of the city, as shown in the opinions expressed by the Board of Control.

Historic association of the R.C.D's. with Toronto and the old Stanley Barracks, are valued by the citizens. But the opinion seems to be in Canadian National Exhibition administration circles that the new entrance is a greater drawing card. President Dixon says that the new entrance is being featur-

ed in this year's advertising. He thinks it would be a greater drawing card than the R.C.D's.

On Which Side?

Analysis of the new entrance as a drawing card on the one hand and the R.C.D's. musical ride, for instance, on the other, leaves no doubt on which side the preponderance of favor would be.

On the one side would be a row of concrete pillars.

Against it might be set this picture: Every seat in the grandstand filled, and thousands on the lawn in front. Streaming searchlights from the balcony above on to the wide panorama in front. A band at one side playing martial airs. On the stage step prancing immaculately groomed horses. Upon their backs handsome figures in scarlet with shining helmets with fluttering pennons. Without hitch or misstep the perfectly trained men and beasts weave through their intricate evolutions—they form up at one end and with mighty shout go tearing down the field with their lances at the charge.

Let the enthusiastically mad audience that has year by year acclaimed them as it choked amid the dust they raised, return the verdict between the popularity of the R.C.D's as a Toronto institution and row of cement pillars. Which would Toronto choose?

Soldiering.

(By F. W. Powell.)

(Continued)

Thus our life playing the part of Infantrymen. In the line for a few days then out for a rest. Judging from what one heard England was first as a wet country. She stood supreme in this respect. Matter of fact 'tis said that some of the natives don't know what the sun looks like. This may be true or may not be. Just the same it sometimes rains in France. Honest. Quite a lot in fact. Yes, a great lot and the first winter out there showed "Sunny France" was a delusion and a snare. Looking back that far it seems that we had rain almost every day. During the wet season, trenches and surrounding country were the very last word in physical discomfort, especially when the cold weather set in. One sort of lived in mud. Couldn't even keep the stuff out of our food. One slept in water and is beginning now to pay for

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it. Rheumatism and such like will play the very devil with us before we shuffle off this mortal coil.

The mud was appreciated most during the process of a "relief." The trenches of our own manufacture lacked many conveniences. They were too narrow for one thing. The communication trenches were worse. With a pack well filled one had some job squeezing through the specially narrow sections. Sometimes one would stick until literally shoved through by a tender hearted companion. Then those damned duck boards again. Why must they always refuse to lie squarely? They were a menace to life and limb. Think I said this last month. Anyway, its worth repeating. They were. To step on the end of one meant a shower of mud as the other end comes squelching up through the slime.

They are always slippery. One flounders along a communication trench. Flounders or crawls. Walking cannot even be considered. Everything one touches is wet, cold and unpleasant. Oh, yes, trenches are most desirable places of residence in wet weather. Takes about a day to make a man completely unrecognizable. Many

loved to go on leave in this condition. Suppose they thought their miserable appearance would awaken sympathy in the hearts of the people in England. Poor little dears. Have seen chaps rolling themselves in mud just to heighten the effect of misery and suffering. Some units had been issued with coats made of sheepskin. These were big, warm, shaggy and always frightfully lousy. To possess one of these was the sole ambition of quite a number of the chaps. The sight of some of these poor dears in London made one anxious to put 'em out of their misery.

To meet a party coming down a communication trench while you are toiling up places both in a most embarrassing position. Passing is quite out of the question and climbing out of the trench would not improve matters one iota. A man may feel in the mood but suicide wouldn't help very much. Who has the right of way? Who will turn and retrace their steps until coming to a spot wide enough to make a passing possible? It's not so bad when one solitary unfortunate is met. Just glare and keep right on until he is forced to turn about and go back. Taken altogether communication trenches are

not all they are cracked up to be. Duck boards again. One would often be removed by some heathen who had come in without wood. This would be craftily hidden in the dark recesses of his dug-out. To dry it out he would sleep on it, the dirty dog. When dry the entrenching tool made short work of it. One duck-board less, anyway. Sad part is that the absence of the board would not be notified until too late. These vandals had a mania for pinching them from low-lying spots that were under water most of the time. Painfully one would be floundering along towards the front line. The cold water gurgled pleasantly about ones ankles. Suddenly would he disappear from the ken of men. He'd found where the duck-board was missing. Invariably we'd see more humour in the incident than did the victim. Nice position to be in. Soaked to the eyes and several more miles of communication trench to be navigated.

Another man-trap is a duck-board minus a few of the cross pieces. As your leg goes through you make a wild grab at the man ahead to save yourself but only succeed in causing him to also lose his balance. Locked in a tender embrace you both take an involuntary bath in the cold slime. Ugh, makes me shudder to think of it again. Of course the other chap fully sympathises with you. Of course he is pleasantly appreciative. He wanted a wash, anyway. Enough of this dismal subject for the time being. Let's have a drink. Speaking of drink reminds me.

Drinking

It seems that most military people are fond of drinking. In this I think they show excellent taste. They are given also to the employment of language more forceful than elegant. Another indication of good taste. Address your own particular long-faced chum in carefully chosen academic language and what happens? Thinking he has to do with a madman he'll do his best to kick some sense into you. On the other hand let him know what you really think of him and his whole damned family and he'll worship you.

Same with booze and myself. Much prefer a man who can get rid of a few pints like a gentleman and also can get drunk occasionally, to the sweet young thing who neither smokes nor drinks, thank you, but is simply wild over an ice cream soda. B-rrrh. Some people must be frightfully fond of

children. Suffocation at birth is often advisable. In our regiment were many really good drinkers who should be proud of the distinction. Most of 'em were indeed funny when in their cups but one or two were nasty and required careful handling by the saners members of the faculty.

Poor old Fortier came under this category.

Just the same he was always a scream.

He spoke English with great difficulty. A typical-French-Canadian. Sturdily built and always cheerful. Drinking finished Fortier. We lined up one evening in front of billets at Westhof Farm, preparatory to moving into the line, and found that Fortier was missing. A search party found him asleep in his bed. He was full. The fact that we were going up the line was forced into his bean and he prepared himself while we waited. When he eventually appeared amongst us he was O.K. with the exception of one detail. He wore no boots. This worried him not at all. He was in quite a good humour with us but seemed to bear some sort of grudge against the officers, to whom he persistently displayed his tongue. They liked this form of greeting so much that he was placed under arrest. Quite unable to navigate alone he is taken part of the way on a limber-waggon. Strange army. Although a prisoner he does his duties in the line and retains his arms.

On pay-nights camp was a cheerful place after the pubs had closed. That vin rouge rises very rapidly to heads out of practice. The fun was fast and furious. With us was a character who for some ungodly reason was named. "Snuffy the Cabman." Drunk or sober, Snuffy was about the easiest man to get along with. He comes into the hut one night plastered to the eyes. He was the last in. The rest were gathered into a harmonious whole. Some were

sleeping, some reading and quite a few playing poker. Nobody bothered much about Snuffy who wished to retail some of the night's experiences. We just let him rave, that is, all expect one of the poker players who ordered Snuffy to "Close your trap, for somebody's sake." This was one of the new arrivals. MacDougall by name.

A little chap with the inevitable pomposity that goes with the condition. Snuffy did not like the tone. For one thing he was twice the size of Mac and besides it was unthinkable to be ordered about by a recruit. He just carried on. Mac grows more insistent and less complimentary until Snuffy invited him outside. All this took place during the rainy season which accounts for the fact that none of us accompanied the belligerents outside. The affair was quickly over. Mac rushes in and bids us go out to see what he has done to Snuffy. This exertion was spared us by the appearance of the victim. He was like nothing on earth. He had either fallen or been pushed into the deep trench dug around all the huts. Absolutely plastered with corruption, (This time I use "plastered" in the literal sense). Spreading out his hands in an attitude of despair Snuffy says with a smile "Take a look at me, would yer." He was in a mess. Those trenches around the huts were always wet. In times of stress they served purposes for which they never were intended. Yes, mess was right. He was a good sport, however. Took it much better than Mac who chowed lustily over his victory. Snuffy, sober, could have murdered the other chap. What happened, he just slipped and that's all there was to it.

(To be Continued)

According to a Mincing Lane merchant it takes seven years to train a tea-taster. Beer-tasting, on the other hand, doesn't need to be taught. It's a gift.

Letter to the Editor.

I was pleasantly surprised the other day to run into no less a person than the Rev. Dr. Moore, M.A. who is at present in England upon a mission connected with the Kings University of Halifax, of which he is now Principal. We foregathered after a day or two at his hotel, and had a long and most interesting resume of old days in Canada, when the writer was a Sergeant and he was a most energetic vicar and Chaplain to the Depot at St. Johns, and to the 26th Stanstead Dragoons. Mrs. Dee and myself are therefore living in hopes of hearing one of his characteristically stirring sermons from a London pulpit, an event we have often wished for.

Travelling in Devonshire in February I was most surprised and pleased to come across Maj. Tompkins of the L.S.H. in the little old fashioned town of Barnstaple. "Tommy" to speak of him as we all knew him, has now settled down to the truly rural life at Swimbridge a little way out of Barnstaple. He has a couple of horses, a few cows, etc., is right in the heart of the stag hunting country, and is I believe a prominent member of the church choir, Board of Guardians, Parish Council and any other thing going that he can give a helping hand to. From what I heard there he is regarded as a most valuable asset to the neighborhood and is suspected of many anonymous acts of charity among the poor. My wife and I spent a very pleasant day with him, and as his address is only Swimbridge N. Devon, may I suggest that he would appreciate an occasional copy of the "Goat" in order that he may see what's doing among his old friends the R.C.D.'s.

May I offer sincere and mutual congratulations to Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O. and the Regiment upon his assuming command. Such a good soldier, and such a charming lady as Mrs. Bowie to support him, cannot fail to be an invaluable asset to any regiment, and I am sure that all the oldtimers will wish them both the very best of luck.

So glad to read about the success of the Military Tournament in Toronto, and to notice the names of Major Widgery and Lieut. LeBlanc as officiating. Which reminds me Mr. Editor to ask you if you are going to give us more portraits of such old timers as these together with an account of their services. What an opportunity to start with the new C.O. Past and present members. One on the





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frontispiece each month. What about Major Steer for instance. General Lessard for the real old boys. Lets have pictures of 'em and never mind nice pictures of the dead trumpeter. He wasn't an R.C.D. anyway. Please forgive me for these hints wont you but I always think that the greatest material for a Regimental paper is the careers of the older members of the Regiment.

I am sending you along an article I wrote upon the Trooping of the Colour which you may care to use. If you don't please don't return it.

Wishing you and the "Goat" continued prosperity and luck,

I beg to remain, Mr. Editor

Your's Faithfully,

T. J. Dee

Le Cateau.

Some Recollections of October 1918

Having read in a previous number of "The Goat" a request from the Editor for individual recollection of actions in which the Regiment participated, I am forwarding my recollection of the last Cavalry action in which we took part, and which, from many points of view was the most successful the Canadian Cavalry Brigade essayed during the whole War. As dates and names have long since slipped my memory I will confine myself to a general description of what took place as far as I personally can remember.

After a period of comparative rest, broken by night marches and rumours of impending actions, the Regiment arrived near VERMAND and were camped in the open on the slope of a hill. A steady pressure had been maintained on the enemy front and indications were, that a heavy thrust would soon be made in an effort to break the famous Hindenberg Line across the Canal du Nord. Hostile Planes made things uncomfortable during the moonlight nights and continued bombing along the valley below us; made it very imperative that tents be lowered and splinter proof walls be constructed around them. I remember well having a portable bivouac tent, which my energetic and well meaning servant almost obliterated from view in a grave-like hole; true it took a direct hit to disturb my physical welfare but one night, when the heavens opened and a deluge descended, my dream that I was go-

ing over Niagara Falls in a barrel was interrupted by my awakening to find only the barrel missing. A light at night was a thing of loathing and woe to the unwary who lit a cigarette within the neighborhood of the C.O.'s tent. Some unruly spirits, resenting what they thought unnecessary precautions, hurled some earth clods at the tent occupied by the C.O. and that epicurean Adjutant "Tommy" Moss, with the result that in a hasty endeavor to find the culprits, both the C.O. and his mouthpiece, fell over the ropes and it was hard to tell which mouthpiece let fall the words of wisdom that followed.

Towards the middle of the month and after several false starts, we moved up to a position of readiness behind the Infantry, who had taken the Hindenberg Line and crossed the hitherto deemed impregnable Canal du Nord. Here we saw the first of Uncle Sam's Army and learned that one Division was to co-operate with the Australian Corps the following morning. The 1st Cavalry Brigade were the advanced Troops and being unable to get through, we were dismounted and waiting for orders in a hollow behind their "A" Echelon, when suddenly out of the sky appeared a dozen red-noses Hun planes known as "Richthofen's Circus." "Lenny Case" Johnston, La Rose and I, had gone forward to see what could be seen and lost no time in jumping into some deserted trenches as the planes scarcely 100 ft. high, passed over dropping hand grenades and stampeding horses and transport. Our casualties were light, though I remember the rage of "Terry Newcomen" when he discovered the "C" Squadron Mess Cart Driver had been hit and the cart disabled. As further action that day seemed out of the question, we were ordered to retire to the Canal du Nord, at Bellcourt, where we were to remain until morning. The march back along congested roads with long halts and Hun Planes overhead dropping flares and Bombs, was a trip ever to be remembered. Arriving at our destination about midnight, we got the horses watered after a walk of half a mile, and the "A" Squadron Officers found a deserted and not too badly wrecked cottage, where we soon had a blazing log fire and a long awaited meal. Those who believe in omens, might ponder on the fact that the C.O. very reluctantly spent the night in an empty ambulance, much against his wishes and the following day was killed by a shell.

At 4 a.m. the following morn-

ing we received orders to saddle up and moved off within the hour to retrace our steps along the road travelled and night before.

This time we learned, the Canadian Cavalry Brigade was to lead the attack, with the Fort Garry Horse, the Advanced Guard the Strathcona's the left flank and ourselves in support. Within the Regiment "C" Squadron under Major Newcomen was the Advanced Guard with "A" Squadron in support and "B" Squadron under Capt. Moss in Reserve.

I think the Brigade under General Patterson, had a charmed life that day. It seemed that we would all be assembled in a field behind some village and with Hun "Sausages" looking down on us, momentarily expecting to be deluged with shells, and then the order would come to move on. Hardly had the last man left, than down would come the shells, just too late by a fraction. Possibly the speed at which the Brigade moved had a lot to do with it but certainly we were very lucky. We were advancing rapidly and here and there we saw old women with tears running down their cheeks, begging our men to accept their last crusts as an offering for their deliverance from four years of German tyranny.

Our objective was the high ground overlooking Le Cateau, and our orders were to send patrols into Le Cateau, should we succeed in attaining our objective. "C" Squadron was sent to assist the Strathconas in capturing a large village on our right and off they went with swords drawn and battle in their eyes. This placed "A" squadron next in order and I rode up to Col. Van Straubenzie and "Jimmy" James, the Adjutant, in order to be near at hand should we be wanted. Hardly had I joined them, when a message arrived from Brigade to push on to our objective. Hastily pulling out his map case, the C.O. pointed out what he wanted me to do and we halted at the foot of a small hill, on the other side of which was a valley and beyond that our objective. While we talked, two "duds" landed with fifty feet of us and the Colonel urged me to push on with all possible speed. That was the last I saw of him, as he was mortally wounded and James all but killed a few minutes after.

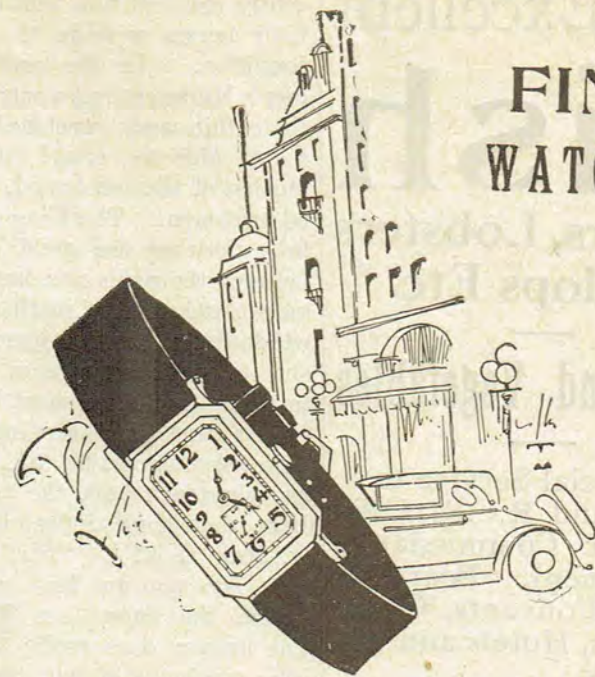
Pushing two Hotchkiss Gun Sections to the crest of the rise to cover our advance we deployed in Infantry Attack Formation and dashed over the ridge. A heavy Machine Gun Fire was opened on us but our speed enabled us to come through with few casualties, ex-

cept among the horses. Here it was that I lost my good old reliable jumper "Rainbow," "Sheila" and "The Rabbit." Halting in a hollow, I sent Sergeant Brown, and the 1st Troop to reconnoitre ahead and on receiving the signal "all clear," I sent the rest of the Squadron under La Rose to occupy the high ground overlooking our objective, which was on the next ridge. In the meantime I found a horse and soon had my saddle and equipment on him. At this moment Moss arrived with "B" Squadron and after explaining the situation to him, he pushed on to occupy the final objective which was easily discernable on account of a blazing farm house on the crest. Darkness was rapidly falling and, I believe, we owe our success to the fact that the enemy Artillery were unable to see which was friend and which was foe. Here we were holding a ridge in a salient over three miles deep, with the enemy retiring on both flanks, the whole Brigade scarcely 1200 strong. Certainly we were lucky that it was dark, or this narrative would never have been written.

Arriving at our objective we dismounted, dismantled the tool packs and "dug in" for all we were worth. "B" Squadron was on the left, "A" Squadron in the centre, and "C" on the right. Patrols sent to Le Cateau, reported it clear of the enemy, but it was too dark to push on any further. How well I remember a couple amusing incidents; the horses had been sent back to cover in the valley to our rear and we were all digging our trenches. Suddenly out of the night appeared a spectral figure leading a horse; straight to our lines it came and a voice called "Is this 'A' Squadron?". To our surprise and delight, it turned out to be our faithful Mess Waiter, with our Mess Pack Horse. Utterly oblivious to the danger, he coolly unpacked a white table cloth, laid it on the ground and set the table. What more ridiculous thing could one imagine, than sitting down to dinner on the banks of a trench, with spotless cutlery and silverware, glasses, and crockery, all within view of the enemy. Truly it was a whim of fate that enabled us to escape scot free. To add to our joy, we found a bottle of Scotch among our packages and were just about to partake of it, when the sound of footsteps forced a hurried hiding of the bottle under a sack. Our visitor turned out to be "Nipper" Miles from "C" Squadron and this thirsty individual spent ten minutes chatting to us, sitting on the sack, without

knowing that underneath was the "Fountain of Eternal Youth."

When our repast was finished we continued our digging and soon had a make shift trench finished. "Lenny" Case, however, considered the manual labour too much for his Scotch blood and was satisfied with a two foot hollow for himself to sleep in. Dawn brought a never to be forgotten sight. It was our first opportunity to see our actual position. Here we were on a ridge overlooking a deep valley, through which ran a wide river. On the opposite side, towering cliffs ended in a plateau, on which the enemy were strongly entrenched. Our whole front was easily discernable from their position and it was not long before we were in for a hot time. In a short time a German Plane made its appearance and was greeted with an outburst of rifle and Machine Gun fire; its return to their lines was the signal for heavy shelling to commence and the first shell to land within our area, had Case doubled up like a penknife trying to imagine his two foot hole was deep enough to protect him. To add to our troubles, a squadron of the 6th Dragoon Guards sent to relieve us, came into full view over the rise behind us and slowly rode down into the depression we occupied. The Squadron Leader riding in front was looking over his map, utterly unconcerned but it was not long before the guns began to search the hollow for them. La Rose, undismayed by rank stuck his head up out of his trench and startled the Major out of his Army tradition, with his shout of "Get the Hell out of here." What the result of this breach of etiquette would have been I do not venture to predict but at this juncture, we received orders to retire to our horses which we very willingly obeyed. We spent two days in a small village about three miles in rear and learned that attack after attack by the troops engaged failed to penetrate further into the hostile defences. During one of these attacks "Sandy McPherson of the R.C.H.A. was killed, which cast a gloom over the whole Brigade. Amusing incidents I can recall, are Jarvis with his Brigade Wireless Station, being shoved hither and thither and drawing hostile fire wherever he went, Johnston capturing a Divisional Pennant and losing it again to some other unit, Sergeant Jones capturing three Machine Guns and fifteen Huns, single handed and last but not least the words of the Brigadier to one of his confreres from another Division who said he had heard that



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the Canadian Brigade had captured a number of Machine Guns, "Yes including the ONE that held your Brigade up."

, R.B.N.

Ligonier's Horse at Dettingen.

After the war of the Spanish Succession had been concluded by the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, Queen Anne had died and George I had come and gone. George II whom we first hear of as Electoral Prince of Hanover, charging at the head of a Squadron at Oudenarde, now sat on the throne.

1740 the Emperor Charles VI died and Europe plunged again into war over the succession to his hereditary dominions and the Empire. Great Britain upheld the right of his daughter Maria Theresa to the hereditary dominions, while France supported the claims of her ancient ally the Elector of Bavaria, Charles Albert, the son and successor of that Elector of Bavaria.

Ligonier's Horse, by reason of its being stationed in Ireland for nearly thirty years, had become

filled with none but Irishmen, and so great was the reputation it bore that no difficulty was experienced in recruiting.

The majority of the men consisted of younger sons of old and respected families and it was no uncommon thing for would-be recruits to pay from twenty to thirty guineas for the privilege of serving in the corps.

In the early spring 1742 the regiment unexpectedly received orders to embark for England on its way to the war. At this time all the troop horses were out at grass and the clothing of the men near the last month of its service. By making light of all difficulties, burning to earn fresh laurels, Ligonier's Horse rapidly prepared for embarkation, landed at Parkgate on April 24th and then marched to Chester. Here they remained until June 26th when they moved to Guildford, Farnham and neighbouring villages.

Still in their worn uniforms and with their horses in bad condition, the regiment was reviewed a day or two afterwards on Hounslow Heath by the King.

On the right of the line stood the Blues, on the left the King's Dragoon Guards. Both regiments were fully equipped, had re-

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dently received new uniforms, and their horses were in the pink of condition. In the centre Ligonier's Horse cut but a sorry figure; their thin and wretched horses scarce able to crawl under the burden of the raw-boned, half-naked Irishmen. The King could not help noticing the great disparity between the regiments, but his judgment and cavalry instinct, coupled doubtless with a generous desire to make allowances led him to think that there must be a sufficient excuse, and, turning to their dejected Colonel, he said "Ligonier, your men have the air of soldiers; their horses indeed look poorly. How is it?" "Sir," replied he, "The men are Irish and gentlemen, the horses are English." The answer does credit to Ligonier's quickness of wit, though the fling at England, which had given shelter to his brethren in religion, was, it must be admitted, not in the best possible taste.

On August 27th the regiment marched to North Fleet and there embarked for Willemstaad.

In early spring (1743) the British Troops in the Netherlands began their march to the Rhine under the Earl of Stair, a veteran, nearly seventy years of age, who had fought in most of Marlborough's great battles.

The rust that always gathers in a long peace was not yet rubbed off the army, and there were great difficulties in providing forage, so it was slowly and gradually that the forces of Great Britain, with those of her Austrian and Hanoverian Allies collected on the right bank of the River Main between the Rhine and Frankfurt. The Austrians were commanded by the Duke D'Ahrenberg, a gentleman who soon quarreled with Lord Stair, while the Hanoverians, though nominally under Stair's orders, were jealous of taking orders from anyone but their own Elector, England's King, George II. In all, the Allied Army numbered 40,000. Opposed to them Marshal Noailles had assembled near Speir a French Army of about 60,000 troops, and gradually advancing, he eventually established himself on the left bank of the Main, opposite to the Allies, who were then concentrated about Aschaffenberg.

The position in which the Allies now found themselves was not very reassuring. Supplies had been drawn either from Hanau where there was a big supply depot and over 10,000 troops, or by water from the upper reaches of the Main. The latter source of supply was now cut off by Noailles,

who erected a fort on the river bank above Aschaffenberg, while he seriously threatened the Hanau line by throwing two bridges over the river at Seltingstadt. The Valley of the Main, east of the river, was about a mile broad and was shut in by densely-wooded and roadless hills. Ligonier's Horse, with the Life Guards, Blues and King's Dragoon Guards, under Major-General Phillip Honeywood had joined the Army early in June and by the middle of the same month, when King George II and his son William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, at this time two and twenty years of age, had arrived supplies were running very short, and there were no means of replenishing them. A week slipped by and each day the supply difficulty became more acute, till at last King George had no alternative but to order a retreat from Hanau. Noailles, keenly observant, and anticipating the inevitable move, had already erected a series of batteries along his (the left) bank in order to pound his enemy on the march. Soon after midnight, June 26-27, Noailles had intimation of the Allied march, and his plans, long matured, were at once put into execution. The Duke de Grammont (nephew of Noailles) was ordered to cross the Main at Seltingstadt with 30,000 men and bar the march to Hanau at a point a little north of Dettin-gen, where he would be in a position to fall upon the head of the British Column as it crossed the bridge over the little stream that falls into the Main at that village. A second force was despatched to cross the Main at Aschaffenberg and to bar any contemplated retreat in that direction. Thus the Allied force was a nut between the crackers, or might be considered as taken in a mousetrap (soudiere,) the term used by Noailles himself.

The outposts on the night of the 26-27th were furnished by Ligonier's Regiment, and when the main body of the Regiment fell into the line of march it numbered no more than 80 of all ranks. King George anticipated that he would be attacked in fear, and, therefore, kept a strong rearguard of British Guards, German Infantry and Hanoverian Cavalry while the British Cavalry, followed by that of Austrian and these again by the British and Austrian Infantry in the order named, marched towards Hanau. The baggage for convenience of marching, was between the British and Austrian Infantry.

Throughout these preliminary formations the French batteries had kept up an enfilade fire, caus-

ing great loss to the 33rd. All being in readiness, the 1st Line of Infantry advanced.

The Earl of Stair, who was stationed on the right, close to the King, ordered the Foot to hold their fire till they could see the colour of the enemy's eyes. The order was obeyed in front only as some regiments on the right opened too soon with the result that they did little damage to the French, who gallantly marched up and fired in the faces of the Allies.

A desperate struggle for full half-an-hour ensued, and then the French first line gave way and was replaced by the second. Another desperate struggle each side doing its utmost, resulted in the overthrow of the French second line. Then the victorious Allied first line, being spent with their exertions, paused to get their breath while the Cavalry took up the fight.

On the French right the Duke de Grammont had massed the Gens d'Armes, the Household Troops and the Black Musketeers. Up till now they had remained inactive but their menace was so great that the bulk of the British Cavalry, which for an hour and forty minutes had been exposed to a galling Artillery fire, was now put into motion and a Brigade, Ligonier's Regiment being in the centre, advanced to the attack.

As hounds dash to cover so Grammont, with a whip crack set his squadrons in ranks six deep, to the charge, and line approached line. A British Regiment on the flank in its eagerness lost all order and was driven back. The Regiment on the left was also borne down, and Ligonier's in the centre was surrounded and overpowered, and forced to fight their way back through the enemy as the only means to prevent their being totally cut off. Slowly but surely the cuirassed ranks of the French men yielded to these terrible Irishmen as they carved their way back. Knee to knee, all order lost, these heroes emerged from the press, leaving their Colonel and one-third of their numbers behind, but bearing aloft torn but untaken, that standard which has so long hung on our barracks walls.

An officer of the 33rd Regiment relates that he saw a veteran corporal of the Regiment with half a dozen troopers covered with wounds and their swords dripping with blood, turn on the enemy. "Come on, my men," the corporal cried, "Well we've begun the day and well we'll end it." Mad with the lust of the fight, the gallant band charged recklessly back into the thick of the fray, and fell fight-

ing

Through the ranks of the broken British Cavalry came the Household Troops of France, and burst with all their weight on the British Infantry. "The Gens d'Armes behaved most charmingly," writes an officer. "They rode up to us a full trot, with a broad sword slung on their wrists, and pistol in each hand, which as soon as they had fired, they flung at our heads and fell on sword in hand." But the British Infantry acting upon orders, opened a way through their ranks for the Frenchmen, and then turning inwards, assailed them with bullet and bayonet thrust, until out of four hundred, scarcely fifty escaped. Seeing the plight of their comrades the Black Musketeers, perhaps to make a diversion, galloped along between the Allied lines to attack the squadrons on the right. The Royal's Greys, and Austrian Hussars take them in front and flank. The Musketeers lose their Standard to the Greys and are all but annihilated. And now the action becomes general. The Cavalry collect on the left, and the Infantry take up the fire fight. The enemy's guns are silenced, either by the Allied Artillery or for fear

of hitting their own men, so close is foe to foe. The British begin to hurrah, and the Earl of Stair, galloping into the hottest of the fire, shouts: "Come drop your huzza for a few moments, but when I give the signal, let the huzza be general through the line, and, my life for it, the victory is ours." Gallopers carry the order to right and left, and then Lord Stair lifts his hat and waves it in the air, and a shout goes up such as Britons only can give. "If," said the veteran, laughing, "I can't beat them by firing I shall beat them by huzzing."

During the fight King George's horse had bolted, and, when stopped the King dismounted and stood on foot on the right of the line at the head of the Hanoverian Infantry, encouraging and directing. He now ordered seven guns to be placed on a spur on the right whence they opened an unexpected fire on the French.

On the left the Cavalry had not been idle. The 3rd Hussars had delivered an heroic charge and thrice had forced their way through the triple French line losing half their numbers. Now Life Guards, Blues, Greys, Ligonier's, and Hussars delivered another

attack, and the French lines began to retreat. Withdrawing as best they could across the stream the Frenchmen took up a position on the opposite bank to cover their retreat. Some crossed by the bridges, others by fords, and so, in great disorder and with the loss of some 7,000 killed and wounded and 2,500 prisoners they reached the left bank of the River Main.

The Allied loss was 2,500 killed and many wounded. Pursuit there was none, for, satisfied with opening a way to Hanau, and glad no doubt to have escaped from Noailles "mouse-trap," King George called a halt, and seating himself under a tree, ate his lunch of a cold shoulder of mutton.

In the battle Ligonier's Regiment lost Captain Robinson, Quartermaster Jackson, killed; Lieutenant Colonel Francis Ligonier, Captain Stewart, Lieutenant Cholmondeley, and Cornet Richardson, wounded, all in the first great charge.

It was in this charge that Cornet Richardson earned undying fame, not only by his gallantry, but also by his mother-wit. Surrounded by the French horse, he stoutly defended the Standard he carried, receiving no less than seven and thirty cuts and bullet

holes upon his body and through his clothes, besides many another in his Standard pole. Asked afterwards how he managed to save his charge, the gallant Irishman replied in right Irish fashion: "If the wood of the Standard had not been off iron it would have been cut off."

The official account of the battle, as published in the London Gazette, mentions only two Regiments individually, and states: "In this action Ligonier's Regiment of Horse and Bland's Dragoons (3rd Hussars) suffered most, and gained great reputation."

Dettingen may rank with the Alma as a soldier's battle pure and simple. Hard fighting on the part of the Regimental Officer and man won the day for the Allies, and to the Regiments alone is the credit due.

Reproduced here is a recent poem that relates to this memorable fight; it originally appeared in Volume II, No. 3 of the Black Horse Gazette at a time (1896) when great efforts were being made to secure recognition of the Regiment's services by the grant of Ligonier's Crest and Motto.

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QUO FATA VOCANT

Ye soldiers of England, now hark-
en and heed.

I sing of the valour of trooper and
steed:

I sing of Blackhorsemen that once
on a day

Followed fate and found fame in
in the Dettingen Fray.

In column, awaiting the word of
command,

Their Colonel is with them; their
King is at hand.

Stoop, Falcon, to partridge; Dash,
Hounds, to the hunt;

Charge, Ligonier's Regiment!—
Line to the front!"

Curt orders, clear trumpets, ring
out as they wheel,

Long lines of Black horses, white
flashes of steel.

Loud thunder of horse hoofs, low
curtain of dust,

Then shock of encounter, quick
parry and thrust,

Short breathing, fierce cutting—
the Frenchmen fight well,

The glory of battle, the tumult of
hell!

Here's need for smart riding and
swordsmanship cool;

Thank God for the lessons we
learned in the school.

Thank God and our King, and the
brave Ligonier,

The fruit of long toil and much
sweating lies here,

Lies here, where the Frenchmen
reel back from the stroke,

Lies, here, where our van through
their cavalry broke.

What title, what comfort, what
fair lady's kiss

Were worth but five murderous
minutes of this,

When the width of an Empire may
wax and enlarge.

Or shrivel and wane with the fate
of a charge?

Sound "rally"! Blackhorsemen,
ride home to your King,

Hewn, hacked, but untaken, your
Standard ye bring.

Your Colonel's proud motto may
yet be displayed.

By Richardson, brave as the bull
that he made,

The wounds on his body count
twenty and ten.

When the gallant young cornet
rides back to his men,

Says, waving in triumph our ban-
ner embossed,

"Were the woodshaft not iron, the
Standard were lost."

The "Guards of the Virgin" they
called us in scorn,

And virgin we guarded our honour
that morn,

Right proud was our land of the
Colonel that led,

The squadrons that followed, the
heroes that bled.

Till the trumpet of Michael on
Doomsday shall crash.

The story will live of our Detting-
en dash.

Then, O ye proud powers that pre-
side in Pall Mall,

Great bosses, a word in your ear:
Is it well

To snub our Delight in the glories
of yore,

To stifle tradition and *esprit de
corps*?

Let Ligonier's motto wave still at
our head.

Though lawyers and dockets, and
"Precedents" gape.

Was the blood that we squander-
ed less red than your tape?

A boon to the brave, and we'll bat-
tle our way

Whither destiny calls, as on
Dettingen day.

Old tokens of valour new valour
shall plant:

Eyes centre, march gallop! QUO
FATA VOCANT.

Elliott Lees.

THE TROOP HORSE

(By F. J. Dee.)

He joins as a youngster, at three
or four year old,

And he's groomed and rode, and
cursed and trained, till he's as
good as gold,

One day he leaves the "Remounts"
for duty in the ranks,

And the bloke that takes him over
prays, he's forgotten all his
pranks.

You bet he knows the sound of
"Feed" and "Boot and Saddle"
too.

He's learnt what Marching Order
means, and what he has to do,

When his Squadron Leader gives
"Right Wheel, or the Regiment's
marching past,

And he's got to step up pretty, and
he mustn't go too fast.

For the Troop Horse, he's a gent-
leman, when he's finished with
the School,

And the man that cannot ride him
then's a pretty average fool,

But a Fool will spoil as good a
horse as ever wore a shoe,

Though half the time the Horse
tells him what the G.D.F. should
do

He's always being taught a lot, and
teaching others too,

For in the Service, Man or Horse,
your schooling's never through,

A Troop Horse, when he wants to,
can teach you quite a lot,

Of things you really ought to
know, or perhaps consider Rot.

But once he puts you right at

Drill, nor heeds your frantic
spur,

You'll begin to think he knows
something, and probably aver,

That you've the finest Troop Horse
that ever wore a girth,

And you and he'll then begin, to
know each others worth.

For the Troop Horse, he is a gent-
leman, a standing on parade,

And he knows the Colonel's watch-
ing him, in all his might dis-
played,

But he'll never let The Regiment
down, for all his joyous pride,

For the power of The Regiment, is
the Horse the Troopers ride.

He isn't all an angel, I've known
one or two,

That had some really cute ideas, of
what a horse should do,

When a man first tried to ride 'em
and they mostly did it quick,

Which makes a man that "Knows
'em all," feel mighty small and
sick,

But mostly these bad habits, was
taught 'em first by men,

Bad Hands, Bad Seats, Bad Tem-
pers—a buck, B. God—and then,

The poor young horse goes
"through it," and it take a
month or two,

With a good man talking kindly,
all that Man Fear to undo.

The Troop Horse, he's a gent-
leman, but like us he's had his
dares,

And like us, he's learnt his les-
son, though his past contain af-
fairs,

He had rather not remember, for
now it's passed and gone,

And today, a well trained Troop
Horse he's good to look upon.

Have you ever seen him standing,
enduring cold and rain,

When he's out on active service,
and its "Saddle Up" again,

Have you ever seen 'em shelling
the horse lines—Damn their
Souls,

And the poor Troop horses sti-
cking it, where the thunderous
War Clouds rolls.

Have you ever come across one,
threshing out his gallant life,

And let his great big eyes catch
yours, when you went to end the
strife,

And give the peace he so well
earned, after duty so well done,

Then I know your soldier's heart
was sad when you put away your
gun.

The Troop Horse he's a gentleman,
and he loves to hear the band,

Playing when he's "Trotting
Past", and the Ladies think he's

grand,
But the Colonel, and the R.S.M.
and the last joined "rookie"
too,
Knows the grand old Troop Horse,
can Die the Death, like you.

Livestock in Barracks.

(From Punch)

Peter the Perp.

Peter the Perp (which is American for "pup") was a dog of ambition. He was a climber. In fact he may be said to have worked his way up from the ranks.

He wandered into the barracks one day and began by making friends with the sentry. The sentry, Private Sling, standing at ease in a vacant but soldierly manner, was first aware of a scrabbling at his foot. Allowing his eyes to fall from the level gaze laid down by the drill-book, he observed a small black-and-grey puppy chewing his boot to the accompaniment of subdued but blood-curdling growls, as from one who would stand no nonsense whatever from an insolent boot that passed remarks at him.

Private Sling looked first to the right in the direction of the guardroom and then to the left in the direction of the Officers Mess. Then he said, "Wotcheer, mate!"

The effect on Peter the Perp was galvanic. It was apparently the first intimation he had had that the boot was not an empty one. He sat back abruptly upon his little sitting area and gazed up into Private Sling's face.

Private Sling said, "Well, you're a funny little cuss!"

Peter, whose powers of stereoscopic vision were not good, tried to lick his face, but underestimated the range by several feet.

Private Sling bent down, and at that minute Corporal Foresight, Corporal of the Guard, heralded by foul language, attacked him on the right flank.

Corporal Foresight, a stern disciplinarian, spoke heavily about duty, dogs, sentries and company office for several minutes and then retired to the guard-room.

Peter the Perp followed. At the door Corporal Foresight saw him and ordered him picturesquely away. Peter sat down on a stumpy tail, scratched himself intimately and then moved on unabashed into the guard room. Here he feasted heavily on what Private Rifle called "a spot of gyppo," actually about a pint-and-a-half of

stew-gravy, and ended up by falling into a profound slumber on Corporal Foresight's stomach.

When Sergeant Haversack, the Orderly Sergeant, arrived back at the Sergeants' Mess after visiting the guardroom he brought Peter with him. Peter arrived tearful but persistent. Deep down in his small bosom was an instinct to follow to heel, which since he hadn't had much practice as yet, had resulted in a badly bruised nose. He was given a place of honour on the rug, had a row with the Sergeants' Mess cat, and at once sought protection with the Regimental Sergeant-Major, under whose compelling glance the cat slunk away abashed. There is practically nothing a Regimental Sergeant-Major can't do with a glance. Our R.S.M. indeed has been known to stop a clock by looking fiercely at it.

Peter the Perp went the round of the barracks the next day and was rescued three times from grim-looking cats and once from a company advancing in line. He arrived eventually in B Company office, where he attracted the attention of higher authority, through nearly getting sat upon by Quartermaster - Sergeant Fourbytwo whose chair he had selected for a doze. Of course, had he been actually sat upon by a Q.M.S., his colour-service would have come to an abrupt end and he would have been of no use to anybody, except as a tables-centre. As it was he was more frightened than hurt, and proclaimed it for five minutes at the end of which time Lieutenant Swordfrog in the adjoining office, trying to unravel a kotty point dealing with Private Trigger's ration allowance, sent out an orderly with instructions to use either arsenic or cold steel.

Peter did the only thing possible in the circumstances. He came into the O.C.'s office to apologise handsomely to Lieutenant Swordfrog, and in a short while he was sitting in the "In Abeyance" tray on Swordfrog's table, trying to kill a copy of the Army Act. Five minutes later Captain and Quartermaster Ledger came in on business. Five minutes later still he left, and Peter the Perp, still displaying a taste for seniority in all its forms, accompanied him.

Peter the Perp lunched at the Officer's Mess. He did himself well, and was altogether so engaging that several officers wished to adopt him and played cold hands of poker against each other to that effect. Lieutenant James won him, whereupon the Mess secretary, who had been eargerly hovering round, instantly fined

him half-a-crown, in accordance with the mess Rules, for letting his dog come into the Mess. James put Peter out on the verandah and for a quarter-of-an-hour kept him out by lurid threats. At the end of that time the Mess secretary a man of no principles whatever, lured him in with a biscuit and booked up another half-crown. After this Lieutenant James paid ten bob for a season-ticket.

Nevertheless Peter the Perp left the Mess the next day and went to live in the Adjutant's quarters. It may have been the bath which James gave him (it led to the discovery that he was a grey-and-white pup, not black-and-grey); or it may have been that Lieutenant Holster tried to do a little practical geometry according to Euclid by "dropping a perp." The probability however is that Peter was just learning the different badges of rank.

Anyway he stuck fast to the Adjutant till, we presume, one day he observed this officer saluting the Colonel, where upon Peter shadowed the Colonel so persistently that his nose wore the polish of the back of the Colonel's boots.

Peter stayed under the Colonel's

aegis for a week, even though the Colonel of the regiment lying next to us was a little the senior till the day came for an inspecting General to visit us, and we all said good-bye to Peter.

On that day Peter the Perp, as we had guessed, left the Colonel. But he completely upset the whole barracks in so doing. For, instead of adopting the General, he disappeared completely and was discovered later in the cookhouse, where nothing would make him leave Private Butt, with whom he has stayed ever since. We are all very offended about it and the Colonel thinks Private Butt should be court-martialled for insubordination. Private Butt, on the other hand, has already applied to be put on the list of those to be considered for a commission from the ranks.

A.A.

Correct!

Buck—Do you know what a patriot is?

Private—Sure, he's a fellow that's always ready to lay down your life for your country.

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Some Recollections of Service With the Imperials.

By Brigadier-General Charles F. Winter, R. of O.

(In the Canadian Defence Quarterly)

(Continued)

For weeks past, during the long marches through the Free State, the idea had thoroughly seized hold of every soldier in the ranks that the enemy's main resistance was to come when we arrived in front of Pretoria. The presence of mined and fortified approaches had been so harped upon from all sides that all ranks with the advanced troops looked upon it as a certainty that the Boers would stoutly defend their capital, and that they had done everything within their power to make the place impregnable. Hence it was that in the main the Royal Canadians considered the prospect quite serious, and anticipated heavy losses on the morrow, when it would be their turn to lead the brigade—which would be the leading one of the division. There is but little doubt now that in the early part of the evening referred to the Commander-in-Chief had very good reasons for believing that General Botha did not contemplate holding the city at all costs, but nothing of this, of course, was known to the humbler rank of the fighting troops, and all felt very strongly that we were going to be up against it good and hard before we would succeed in capturing the forts surrounding Pretoria and be able to enter the city.

With darkness the troops went into bivouac where they stood, and the supply wagons coming up shortly after, a good meal was thoroughly enjoyed before we slept. About 9 p.m. orders were distributed, and we found, as expected, that the Royal Canadian Regiment was to lead the advance in the assault at day break upon the hill opposite in the sector of the defence in front of our division, and that "F", or the "Quebed" Company to which the writer at the time was attached, was to form the first or most advanced line of our regiment. It is all very pleasant now to look back upon, but at the time we all, I think, felt very seriously about it—at any rate I know I did—for the stories of the mined approaches and the stout resistance the enemy were expected to put up had made a deep

impression, and many thought there was going to be little chance of the majority of us ever seeing Canada again. Under all the circumstances it was, of course, very natural for us to suppose that with our company in the front line, we could scarce escape bearing the full brunt of the enemy's fire just so soon as they detected the first movement on our part.

At 4 a.m. the next morning it was still quite dark, but we fell in and moved off in extended order into the black void ahead of us. In a short time, though it really seemed an eternity, we were at the base of the hills, and then began the climb upwards, still in the midst of half-darkness, and anxiously watching for the burst of flame from the top of the hill, which to our surprise seemed to have been withheld so long. Every effort was made to move in silence, but the little stones and gravel displaced by the men's boots as they scrambled up the hill side seemed to make a great deal of noise and excited wonder as to how it was our movement appeared not to have been discovered. The face of that hill seemed endless glancing back one could just make out the dark, heavy mass of troops behind, fast approaching the base of the hill, and as we in the front neared the top the darkness seemed to lift like a curtain, the rocks and boulders stood out in our excited imaginations as a fortified work, and we felt that now for sure we would get the withering volley so long anticipated. Crouching low against the hill side we rested for a moment or two, had our men fix their bayonets and then jumping up moved forward in a scrambling rush for the summit, to find on reaching it the whole place entirely empty and not a soul in sight!

The feeling of relief may be imagined but thoughts of "mines" still distressed us, so we moved on quickly for some two or three hundred yards, by which time it was quite daylight and we were brought to a halt by instructions from the rear. A few minutes later a staff or orderly officer galloped across from the right where the Guards and other units of Lord Roberts' army had been making similar advances to our own in their several sectors, and shouted, as he reined up, that the Boers had retired from the city to the north and eastward during the night and that Lord Roberts and the Army were to enter Pretoria at once. It was really worth all the trepidation of the night before to have our anxiety so quickly and satisfactorily dispelled, and it was a very happy little company

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Dealers Everywhere

that some minutes after rejoined the Royal Canadians as the 19th Brigade was formed up and halted to await instructions from the Commander-in-Chief. Here very hearty cheers were given for our Brig., Major Gen. Horace Smith-Dorrien, as he then was, who in a few well-chosen words told us of the situation and thanked all ranks cordially for their splendid efforts since leaving Bloemfontein. Shortly afterwards the march into Pretoria began, and it was with no small satisfaction that we of the Royal Canadians made that entry with the other troops, thankful that, after all, the stories of the "mines" had been a big bluff and that we had reached our objective without the heavy sacrifices that the evening before had seemed to us inevitable.

The parade state of the regiment, as we marched past Lord Roberts in the main square of the city, was 15 officers and 411 other ranks, 426 in all. It had been the survival of the fittest for these were all that were left with headquarters out of the 1,250 men who had landed at Capetown from the Dominion bearing the Maple leaf of the R.C.R. Sickness, wounds, death, sore feet and exhaustion had left the balance scattered over

Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal, along the 1,500 miles over which the regiment had moved throughout the various operations in the preceding six months since they had left the Cape. Jaded and weary from the long marches, occasionally on short rations, bearded and dirty clothing very much worn, and many of the men with their toes protruding from their boots, they still were a very happy residue, hard as nails, and proud as Punch at finding themselves privileged to enter Pretoria with the Commander-in-Chief. In their hearts not a few felt sorry for the fine fellows of the Natal Army, who under Sir Redvers Buller and Sir George White, had struggled and suffered in a much greater degree to achieve the final result, and yet by the fortune of war were denied the supreme satisfaction of being among the first to reach and enter the main objective.

The scenes and impressions as we marched through the streets were something to remember, and I am sure had it not been for the resentful feelings engendered in the minds of the troops by the wanton and useless destruction of our mails from home by the Boers in rear under De Wet, there would

have been a good deal of sympathy for the sufferings of a brave but misguided enemy.

The streets were full of burghers, many still with rifles and bandoliers, hurrying to the Town Hall to give up their arms or surrender in accordance with Lord Robert's proclamation having been too late to get away with their various commandoes during the night; while here and there at the corners small groups of our own people—"Uitlanders" as they were called—waved "Union Jacks," in some way retained against the great day which they all knew would come when they could welcome us. The predominant note, however, was a sudden silence as the sections of fours, gun teams and caissons moved on in an apparently never-ending stream, while the black dresses and mourning badges of the women seemed the prevailing colour. At one point an elderly native woman, apparently an old nurse of some well-to-do Boer family, stood at the curb and jeered and cursed us as we passed, spitting on the ground and beating her breast, while the women and children of the family stood upon the verandah of the fine house behind. Of course none of us understood a word of the old lady's language but her meaning was most expressive and emphatic.

We were all, I think, much struck by the fine appearance of the little city, and our bivouac that afternoon by the Appies River on the other side of the town was a very pleasing relaxation after the heavy marches that had been the daily routine for so long.

Many tedious long drawn out operations, much fighting of sorts and endless marches were still ahead of the troops for nearly two years more before the settlement of Vereeniging was to bring peace and quietness to the South African veldt, but of this no one at the time gave a thought; for us it was sufficient that we had attained our objective and escaped the heavy losses that we had come to look upon as a certainty when we should be called upon to go up against the fort-crowned hills surrounding the pretty little city of Pretorius?

The Last Sentry over the Great Emperor at St Helena, 5th May, 1821.

At none of the military stations of the world to-day will a soldier of the garrison find so many military reminders of the past as at the Tower of London. Not only is the whole place steeped in the

traditions and history of bye-gone times, but the very routine duties of the fortress, in which he will be called upon to participate, as well as that portion of the garrison which may be called "permanent," as distinguished from the army unit which may be occupying the place temporarily, furnish a source of much interest and study.

As already mentioned in a previous number of these "Recollections" the regiment to which the writer then belonged, the 1st Battalion, 7th Royal Fusiliers, had in the autumn of 1881 been moved to the Tower upon short notice from Pembroke Dock in South Wales, owing to changes in the London garrison consequent upon disorder in Ireland and the brutal murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke by the Fenians in Phoenix Park, Dublin, some little time before. The change of station though unexpected, was a welcome one, bringing the regiment back, as it did, to its original place of formation from among the "prentice boys" of London during the troublesome times of 1885. Upon arrival, we had exercised the time-honoured privilege of marching through the city with "bayonets fixed, drums beating, and Colours flying," with the streets cleared of all traffic by order of the Lord Mayor—a very special and highly prized concession held by the regiment, in conjunction with the 3rd "Buffs," the third Battalion Grenadier Guards, and the Royal Marines. We had already been initiated into the ceremony of the "Keys" and the peculiar method of challenging at night practised by the sentry of the Royal Main Guard on No. 2 Post at the Queen's House, a relic of Tudor times and the Princess Elizabeth's imprisonment by her half-sister, Queen Mary. Upon this post the sentry challenges the approach of any person after 10 pm. by stamping with his foot twice, instead of giving the customary "Halt who goes there?" usual on all other posts. Tradition asserts that when received as a State prisoner at the Tower (1553) under the warrant of her half-sister, Queen Mary, the Constable called upon Princess Elizabeth (afterwards the "Good Queen Bess") and asked if there was anything further he could do for his prisoner's comfort. She replied that the challenging of the sentry outside her door was disturbing her rest. The Constable gallantly responded that he would soon fix that and gave orders for the challenge to be made by the stamping of the foot, instead of by words of mouth, and so it has continued ever since on that part-

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The Yeomen Porters, or "Beefeaters," as they are more familiarly called, consist of a special Royal Corps of about fifty old pensioners of the army, who have all been warrant or non-commissioned officers in their service units and have had distinguished records. They form what may be termed the "permanent" garrison of the Tower and among their privileges is that of being always honorary members of the Sergeants' Mess of whatever army unit is in garrison, and it was the custom to pay special deference to the oldest

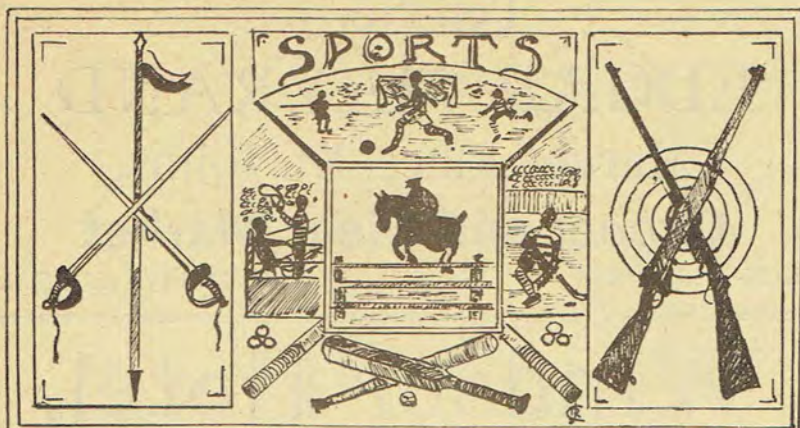
soldier among them and make much of whatever had been his special service or distinction.

(To be Continued)

The Real Point

A Frenchman was visiting his English host whose dog began to bark in a ferocious manner. The English friend said, "Don't be afraid, you know the old adage, 'Barking dogs never bite.'"

"Yes!" said the Frenchman. "I know ze adage, and you know ze dog, but ze dog, does he know ze adage?"



SPORTS ("B" SQN.)

Following the last performance of the Military Tournament the heavy and lightweight tug o' war teams of the regiment celebrated their victories by an informal gathering in the mens' mess, at which refreshments were served and several very interesting speeches were made.

On a parade of the Squadron Maj. Timmis, prior to his departure for St. Johns, personally presented the engraved medallions won by the teams to each man. In a few remarks he congratulated the teams upon their splendid work and urged them to continue and "pull together."

The members of the teams were as follows:—

Heavyweight — S.S.M. Copeland D.C.M., (coach) Tpr. Hayes, Sgt. Buell, Tpr. Martin, J.E. L/Cpl. Jennings, Cpl. Berry, Tpr. Waud, L/Cpl. Campbell, and Sgt. Harding.

Lightweight—Cpl. Blake (coach) Tpr. Sharpe, A/Cpl Marshall, Tpr. Rodgers, Tpr. Morgan G. Tpr. Morgan W., Tpr. Nickle, Tpr. Standly and Tpr. Kincaid.

Tpr. Webb who acted as reserve for both teams deserves great credit for his faithful work and valuable assistance.

The management and training of both teams was ably handled by Captain Wood, and S. S. M. Copeland.

The following is the standing of the various teams comprising the

St. Johns District Football League. The Garrison have still four more games to play of which they can afford to lose three and still be sure of the championship. Singers, with five games to play, must win them all, while the Harts still have a mathematical chance of taking second place.

Team	P	W	L	D	F	A	Pts
Garrison	13	12	1	0	78	5	25
Singers	11	6	3	2	45	21	15
Harts	12	4	2	6	22	38	10
Farnham	10	1	3	6	8	29	5
Chambly	10	0	1	9	12	72	1

Sure Thing

"Why don't you attend church?" asked the minister of a non-attendant.

"Well, I'll tell you, sir. The first time I went to church they poured

water in my face, the second time they tied me to a woman I've had to keep ever since."

"Yes," said the parson, and the next time you go they'll throw dirt on you."

Thrift on the Links

Nurse—"Whom are they operating on to-day?"

Orderly—"A fellow who had a golf ball knocked down his throat at the links."

"And who's the man waiting so nervously in the hall? A relative?"

"No, that's the golfer—a Scotch gentleman. He's waiting for his ball."

"Yesterday's Weather" is the feature of a certain daily paper. Its after-casts for the previous twenty-four hours are uncannily accurate.

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